

You Have Me

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You Have Me

by [Not4typicalwriter](#)

Summary

"Where's George?" Dream almost didn't want to ask, fear seething down into his bone.

Sapnap gulped and looked at Bad. Dream followed his gaze and saw Bad give him a very subtle nod.

"Sapnap?" Dream called again.

"A bounty was set on George's head," Sapnap blurted out. "Hundreds, thousands of gold."

"Stop that, right now," King Henry bellowed.

"George was taken three days ago," Sapnap defied the king's wishes and finished.

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Dream knew the king always had an unspoken vendetta against him. He was a good fighter, an exceptional warrior, he was better than most even at fifteen years old, and yet, he was never invited to the palace to become a knight.

This was a problem since Dream had always promised that he was going to protect Prince George. Ever since they were children, he'd always promised his best friend that he was going to protect him.

So his plan? Fight a dragon to prove his worth to the king.

Although, things didn't quite go according to plan when he came back to the news that the Prince had been taken.

Notes

Went overboard and this is now like 13k words and so it's now a 4 chapter story.

Anyway, enjoy the Dream's origin story.

As per requested, Protective!Dream ftw.

P.S. Sorry for not posting last week hope this makes up for it lol.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

"Are you sure you have to go?"

"Yes mom," Dream said. "I explained everything to you. Things will be better after, I promise."

"I don't like it," His sister folded her arms. "You're going to kill a dragon?"

"That's the plan," Dream shrugged.

"You're not going to die, are you?" His mom asked, worried but quite nonchalantly as if the idea of your 15-year-old son going off to fight a dragon is even remotely normal.

"Course not," Dream chuckled. "Have a little faith. I'll be home soon."

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"You have the explosives," Schlatt asked.

"Yes I do," Dream said.

"You have potions," Schlatt confirmed.

"Yes, Sapnap and Wilbur stole me some from the palace," Dream replied.

"Remember what we practiced, sword to the neck-

"-best way to keep the dragon in check, I know Schlatt, I know," Dream rolled his eyes at his friend. "Will you let me go now?"

"Okay," Schlatt said. "You have an ax, sword, bow, and everything?"

"God, you're worse than my mother!" Dream laughed. "Yes, yes I have all the weapons. And before you ask, I have food including 2 of the enchanted apple courtesy of L'Manberg. I'm all set."

"Okay," Schlatt said again. "Don't look the Endermen in the eyes."

"Do I look stupid to you?" Dream asked.

"A little bit, you shouldn't be going after a dragon for shits and giggles," Schlatt explained.

"I told you why I had to," Dream said.

"Palace life isn't worth that," Schlatt said bitterly.

"It's not the palace I'm going for," Dream said and Schlatt rolled his eyes.

Schlatt was his friend. His good friend. He had helped prepare him through his mission of trying to slaughter a dragon. Training, strategy, resource gathering. He did all this despite thinking that Dream's reasons were quite ridiculous.

But Dream didn't think so.

"Right," Schlatt shook his head. "Of course. Fine, go."

"I'll see you when I get back," Dream told his friend before leaving on his journey.

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Turns out *soon* ended up being about two weeks.

Dream was smart but other than that, he was quick. Every move he made was calculated. Every blazer he killed, every trade he made from either villagers or Pигlins, was planned. Weapon

upgrades, emeralds, and pearls, everything was falling into place. It doesn't hurt that he was skilled with the weapons he brought. Stray zombies and skeletons that were after him quickly disappeared.

And within two weeks, he was now in the end, staring at the face of the dragon.

He could hear them, the Endermen. They were close, but they haven't attacked so he was fine until then.

He snuck slowly around, preparing for the absolute sprint that he's going to have to do.

He took the arrows out a handful of arrows from his quiver and tucked it under his fingers. He counted it, 8 arrows in his hand for 8 end crystal.

Inhale, exhale, go.

Dream ran and aimed for the top of the obsidian tower. One-shot, and he heard an explosion. It seems like the dragon noticed as well.

He ran clockwise and shot again, crystal two exploded. And each one after that, every single one was destroyed with one shot of his arrow. He was precise, accurate so much so that he knew George would be proud.

George, the wonderful archer that he is, would be very proud.

He heard the dragon cry as the last end crystal was destroyed. The dragon was coming down, this is it.

He felt the burn of the purple magic crawl around him. Two bites of the apple before running off.

He knew Schlatt said the neck, but the wings are much more accessible, so let's go for that first.

He dodged as the dragon flayed around, thankful that he was not harshly thrown aside. Tail now, tail now, hit the tail now. Dodging the tail was not as easy as the wings.

He ran towards the other side, towards the other wing, and sliced. It wasn't much but he knew it was enough so the dragon would not fly up anymore.

TNT, TNT, TNT.

Two, four, six.

Fire.

Dream set the ignition and ran to the closest obsidian tower. He heard the explosion, peaking out to

see the dragon writhing. Nearly there.

Dream ran, his sword held in front of him. He jumped and ran for the neck. The neck. With a slice, he brought the blade down and the dragon was dead.

Dream was panting, though he knew better than to look up. He could still hear the Endermen around him, but as long as he doesn't make eye contact with them, he would be fine.

Self-checking his wounds and bruises, he walked closer to the dragon. His job isn't over yet. He inhaled a deep breath, raised his sword, before bringing it down to fully decapitate the dragon's head.

Gruesome, yes, but it is norm to bring home the dragon's head as proof. But also, he really wanted to drop it at the King's feet.

He pulled the leather sack that he had brought, thankful that it was big enough to fit a decapitated dragon's head. Who knew they made sacks that big. And then he journeyed home.

It was an extra two day's trip to make it back home, all the while he carried the dragon's head, in a blood-leaking satchel. People looked, people whispered, people wanted to know. This child, barely 15 years old is walking around with a dragon's head. Many were skeptical he killed a dragon, but they weren't the ones he was trying to convince.

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"Ew, Clay, put it outside," His sister whined. "Why would you bring that in?"

"It'll be just a bit, I just need to clean myself before I head over to the palace," Dream laughed while he's still being squeezed to death by his mother.

"I'm just so happy you're alive," his mother sighed, arms wrapped around her son, kissing his cheeks and forehead despite the dirt and blood.

"Oh come on," Dream said jokingly. "You didn't think I was gonna do it?"

"I still didn't like the fact that you did all that for a job at the place," his mother said. "It wasn't your fault you didn't get chosen. There's are plenty other jobs out there."

"It's knighthood mother," Dream explained. "Not just any job," he added defensively. "Besides, Sapnap is already working there, and Wilbur, and Sam, Callahan too. It'll be fun."

"Everyone works at the palace except for you," his sister quips. "Maybe you're just not good enough."

Dream rolled his eyes and bear-hugged his sister, who was screaming for dear life.

"You're covered in dirt and blood get off, get off." Dream finally set her down, though still laughing. He jokingly flicked her in the forehead for warning before going off to clean himself up.

He went about as fast as he could. It was still daytime, and he really wanted to get to the castle today. Granted, he hadn't slept in a while now, but other things are more important.

"Mom, do you know where Schlatt is?" Dream asked. "I wanna go tell him before I leave."

"I think he might've left out of town a few days ago actually," his mom replied.

Dream quickly left his house, promising his mother that he'll be back soon, however long this is going to take at the palace. On his way there, more so now in his own kingdom of L'Manberg than any other place that he'd traveled through, people were staring.

People knew about him, of course. Clay, that one kid that always hangs out at the palace. Clay, that one boy from his friend group that didn't get invited into the palace. The one who couldn't become a knight.

And now he's strolling through town with a dragon's head. Of course, there were still some skeptics, but it didn't matter.

Dream thought back to what his sister said, as a joke of course. *Maybe you're just not good enough.*

He knew better. He knew he was good enough, he knew that isn't why he wasn't invited to the palace when he was a boy to train to be a knight. And that the real reason for that sat on the throne.

Dream strolled up to the palace gates, confused about why it was open, but took the opportunity to slip through and walk inside. If he knew King Henry above anything, the guards would never have let him in. But the guards were looking kind of all over the place and occupied.

Dream shrugged it off to his good luck before going towards the palace doors. This time, there were guards actually standing alert to see him approach. Thankfully, he knew they were going to let him through.

"Dream-" Wilbur said.

"Are you gonna let me in?" Dream said smugly.

It took a bit for Dream to realize the look on Wilbur's face. He glanced to the other side when Sam stood and saw a similar expression. They were kind of shocked, looking mildly uncomfortable. Shared glances between them with hesitated movements.

Honestly, he thought they would be more excited than this. He was disappointed they didn't jump and celebrate with him. He was their friend and he'd just successfully killed a dragon. Wilbur had helped him steal supplies, aren't they at least happy he's alive?

"Wilbur?" Dream called.

"Yeah, yeah, go on," Wilbur recovered, opening the castle door. "He's in the throne room."

"Okay," Dream said hesitantly. "I'll come to see you guys when I'm done."

As Dream walked further into the castle, he heard Wilbur and Sam whispering to each other. He'd have to question that later though, he's got business.

The aura around the castle is quite weird as well. Staff was shuffling around, talking in hushed whispers and not paying him any mind. Convenient but weird.

The throne room door was open as well, as he saw from down the hallway. He saw a few knights, some of his friends even, walking out. He saw Fundy and Eret amongst the group. They made eye contact with him, and the same happened. Staring in shock before glancing at each other and getting dragged away.

Dream decided to dismiss all of that and made his way into the throne room. And there he met King Henry.

"Not today boy, I don't have time for you," King Henry sighed the moment he saw Dream enter. Dream ignored him and continued stalking the path until he was no more than a couple of feet away from the throne.

"Here," Dream said, dropping the bag in front of his legs.

His sister was right. It was kind of disgusting. It smelled kind of rank, and blood was oxidizing, drying out, but still, some were still seeping through the bag.

King Henry was talking to Bad, who yes again, stood awkwardly in front of Dream. What is happening to his friends?

"Knighthood is not bought," Henry stated.

"I killed a dragon," Dream insisted. "Alone, no less."

"And you still don't have what it takes," Henry said.

"Come tell me who on your staff can do what I just did when they were fifteen," Dream said. "I'm an asset, you just don't want me."

"You're right, I don't," Henry said.

"I've proved that there is no one better than you could have on your staff than me, I can protect George, just let me—" Dream trailed off when he saw Bad flinch.

"That's *Prince* George to you," Henry said and Dream inhaled to control his frustrations.

"I can protect Prince George, with my life," Dream said. "I vowed it once, I will vow again if you'd just let me—"

"Even if—" Henry interjected. "*Even if*, I put you on as a knight, there is a chain of command. You will be a trainee, no matter how *good* you think you are. You will do tower duty and night rounds, you do not get special treatment. You don't get to be the Prince's guard just because my son made a mistake in befriending you."

"I'll take it," Dream said. "I'll do whatever. You want me to work my way up? I can do that too."

Henry looked at Dream, the look on his face still a mixture of distrust and disgust. Dream knew why the King hated him so deeply, but he would never admit to it.

"You have no respect, no obedience, you don't listen to authorities or even your King," Henry pressed. "You don't wanna do this."

Dream was going to open his mouth and assure the king that he did want this. He wouldn't have killed the dragon otherwise. Before he could say anything though, he was interrupted by yet another knight walking into the throne room.

"The chariots are ready to go Your Highness, they just-"

Dream turned at the voice of his best friend. Sapnap stood at the door, eyes glancing at the bag on the King's feet, then back at Dream, who smiled at him.

Out of everyone Dream had seen, Sapnap's face was the one he could read the most. They are best friends after all. It was the same look like everyone else, but only now could he decipher it.

Not shocked, not really surprised, simply caught off guard. He wasn't uncomfortable, at least not about Dream's presence. It almost looks like guilt, like he was hiding something. The furrowed eyebrows mean he was worried. Worried and scared.

But Dream was alive. Dream came back.

"Sapnap what's wrong?" Dream suddenly called out.

"It's none of your business, boy," Henry barked.

"Sapnap," Dream urged, turning his back fully to the king, walking slowly towards his friend.

"Sir Sapnap, you are best to hold your tongue," King Henry pressed.

Dream turned harshly and glared at Henry. He watched as Bad and Sapnap had a silent conversation between them, and then it finally dawned on Dream.

"Where's George?" Dream almost didn't want to ask, fear seething down into his bone.

Sapnap gulped and looked at Bad. Dream followed his gaze and saw Bad give him a very subtle nod.

"Sapnap?" Dream called again.

"A bounty was set on George's head," Sapnap blurted out. "Hundreds, thousands of gold."

"Stop that, right now," King Henry bellowed.

"George was taken three days ago," Sapnap defied the king's wishes and finished.

Dream felt like the air was punched out of his gut. His heart stopped and dropped to the floor, face turned pale white, eyes widening.

"Who took him and where did they go?" Dream asked darkly.

"Palace matters aren't for commoners. This is none of your business," Henry said.

"Like Hell it isn't!" Dream snapped at the king. "*Who took him and where did he go?*" Dream asked again.

"West," Bad was the one who responded. "Somewhere in the Western Isles. We don't know who took him or who set the bounty, but they went West."

"I'm taking weapons," Dream declared as he started to walk out of the throne room.

"This is *not* your business, stay out of it!" Henry said.

"I will *not!*" Dream was at a screaming match with the king. Anyone else would've been executed for this. And there is no way this thought didn't cross the king's mind. "I am *bringing him home.*"

"It was your fault, to begin with, you will stay out of it," Henry said.

Dream froze in his path, eyes flaring with a fire that could burn through bedrock. He was breathing heavily. Somewhere within the panic setting, he'd lost his breath.

"Do you hate me *that much* that you'd risk your son's life?" Dream said. "That you'd overlook everything I can do- that you'd overlook my determination to get him back, just to spite me?"

"If you are to work for me, you will learn respect and order," Henry said. "I've sent soldiers and troops out, we don't send trainees out to retrieve the prince."

"Well, aren't you lucky that I *don't* work for you," Dream stated.

"Disobeying the king's direct orders is a punishable offense," Henry said. "You *will* stay out of this."

"Feel free to throw me into the dungeon after I come back with your son," Dream scoffed. He had both his arms out in surrender, almost baiting the king to come and fight him. "I'm also taking a horse." He stated before he left the throne room.

Dream quickly made his way out to the front door, meeting Sam and Wilbur once again.

"I need potions," Dream told Wilbur. "Anything, everything. Strength, swiftness, invisibility—"

Dream's heartbeat was going faster and faster. His ears were ringing, eyes blurring ever so slightly. His breath was ragged and his stomach was turning. He'd never felt so sick.

"Dream, Dream—" Sam was the one holding on to Dream. "Breathe, breathe, you're having a panic attack."

"Please, please—" Dream begged Wilbur.

"Yeah, yeah, I'll get everything that I have in 15 minutes," Wilbur said as he left his post.

"Hey, hey," Sam continued to hold on to Dream. "I know, I know."

"He—" Dream could barely finish a sentence. "The bounty." Dream is so afraid to ask. So, so afraid. "Dead or alive?"

"We don't know," Sam answered solemnly.

"I need—" Dream stuttered. "Weapons, and potions, and a horse, and a compass—"

"Alright," Sam said. "Alright, we can get you everything you need, but you can't run on a hothead, will you breathe for me Dream?"

Dream looked up at Sam, whose forearm he was gripping so hard his knuckles turned white. But if Sam felt the pain, he didn't show it. Dream took a shaky breath in before exhaling.

"Good, good," Sam encouraged. "One more." Dream obliged, inhaling and exhaling one more time. "Listen, we don't know the bounty. But there is good reason to believe that it is not a dead bounty because they wouldn't have taken him otherwise. Believe that he's still alive Dream."

Dream nodded as he slowly stood up straight, having enough composure to let go of Sam's support.

"Who was sent out?" Dream asked.

"The senior guards," Sam replied. "He did send out some good people, and he's sending out more today."

Dream continued nodding although he knew that was an empty gesture. Nodding didn't mean he understood or he was okay with it. It was the only passive action he was able to do when his brain is going 100 miles an hour.

Dream finally noticed Sam looking down the foyer, seeing his friends heading towards him, each with a bag of supplies.

"I don't think I need all of that," Dream said weakly.

"Oh these aren't for you," Eret said. "We're coming."

"No, don't—" Dream said. "You have orders, and Henry—"

"Well, we didn't ask for the King's opinions," Quackity said. "We'll deal with it when we come back."

"Sam, go get your things," Punz told Sam who nodded, surprising Dream yet again that Sam would be coming. "And take Callahan to get Wilbur."

"You guys are going to get into a lot of trouble," Dream warned.

"He's our George too," Sapnap said.

"You need the manpower Dream," Ponk said.

"We are bringing him home," Sapnap concluded.

"Let's get you some armor," Fundy said as he nudged Dream along towards the armory, leaving the rest of the group to take their supplies out to the stables.

It was a quick trip to the armory, most of the weapons were cleaned out already as knights were heading off, his friends included. Fundy got him a chest plate, boots, the whole gear and told him to find a weapon that he liked. A sword, an ax, and a crossbow. Dream took it and followed Fundy to the stables.

Phil was securing the saddle on the horses, gesturing for Dream to come to him as this horse was his.

"I packed you over 20 communicators," Phil explained. "You know the rules, 1 message, 15 letters. Do *not* hesitate to use them," Dream nodded. "You call for back up, we will send them. No need to worry about what the King is going to do."

"Thank you, Phil," Dream said.

"Dream," Bad approached him and dropped a bag of gold in his hand. "This should be more than enough but I also placed the King's stamp in your bag. Use it if you need to. Food, more weapons, whatever it is, you bring George home."

"Understood," Dream said.

Dream looked around before mounting his horse. He watched as his friends, all in armor, strapping in their horses, packing their weapons safely. He counted heads. Sapnap, Punz, Callahan, Fundy, Eret, Sam, Ponk, Wilbur, and Quackity. With him, it would be ten.

"Let's go," Dream said once his friends were set and ready.

"Open the gates!" Phil hollered across the yard.

Some other knight and guard were confused, but who were they to go against the steward. With a last encouraging nod from Phil and Bad, Dream took off with the calvary following closely behind.

"Oh the King is going to freak out," Phil mumbled as he watched Dream leave.

"Does it matter? We're not going to tell him," Bad replied.

"There's no way he doesn't know we padded them with an unbelievable amount of supplies," Phil said. "I snuck in two Elytras. God apples, Wilbur practically emptied the potions cabinet and he took Lapis too. And pearls, oh god I gave them so many pearls."

"It doesn't matter," Bad said. "He knows, but we'll save him the embarrassment for having to acknowledge it, then he won't throw a tantrum."

"Yeah, I'm good with that," Phil replied.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Kinda filler, kinda not. Mainly for build-up. Hopefully it's not boring.

Enjoy!

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It felt like they'd been riding for hours. Dream nearly forgot that he'd left without telling his mother or anyone for that matter. He was also surprised the palace horse lasted that long.

They'd made some distance, a good amount of distance, but they were running out of daylight.

"There's a cave there that I think would be a good stop for the night," Sam said.

"That'll give me some time before mobs start appearing to go tracking," Wilbur agreed.

"Dream?" Punz called.

Dream was out of it he didn't realize they were looking to him for approval. Dream turned to look at them but remained silent, his thoughts were still miles away.

"Yeah I think we're good to settle for the night," Sapnap replied for Dream.

There was a bit of prep work that needed to be done before settling in for the night. Sam sealed off the cave from the inside to stop any potential mobs from walking through while Punz sealed off the entrance, leaving only a small enough opening for an entrance. Quackity had made a little fenced-off area for their 10 respective horses, while Eret went through their supply to sort out the food. Wilbur left with Callahan and Fundy, off to do some deep tracking.

"I have some good news and concerning news," Wilbur said as he came back. "The good news is that I found wheel tracks and that means they used a carriage to transport our prince. I saw there the track goes and there is a shortcut that they couldn't take, but we could. It'll save us a little over a day, so we are catching up to them."

"Okay," Eret replied. "What's the concerning news?"

"We also found horse marks on top of the cart tracks," Fundy explained. "Which means some of our knights would've passed through here already. So why they haven't sent news home, we don't know."

"Right," Sam said solemnly.

They were going around, dividing and cooking food for the night, preparing their makeshift beds.

Dream thought about George. He was supposed to be there for George, he was supposed to protect George. Knight or not, official or not, whether the king allowed it or not, that was his job. And he failed.

Dream sat silent, staring at the little fire they'd made outside of the cavern, as Sapnap came and fed more dried branches to it.

"What did—" Dream said. "I can't stop thinking about what he said." Sapnap looked to Dream, waiting for him to continue. "What did he mean by it was my fault?"

"It wasn't," Sapnap answered sternly. "You know what he's like. He just doesn't—"

"But he also doesn't lie," Dream said. "Henry attacks me if he knows he can back it up, so what did he mean?" He asked.

"It wasn't your fault," Sapnap said. "It's not."

"Sapnap, don't lie to me," Dream said.

"Dream, it wasn't your fault," Sapnap insisted.

"Tell me," Dream begged. "Please."

Sapnap sighed, knowing his best friend's stubbornness is a force unmatched in this entire world. He looked at the other knights, his other friends, all who are listening to the conversation, all who are at different stages of discomfort and pity.

Dream realized now the looks that he's been getting. His friends weren't shocked or disappointed he came home after the dragon. Any other case they would've reacted how he thought they would. But looking at them now, they were just scared.

Dream was a ticking time bomb.

"George went to town to meet your mother," Sapnap didn't even try to sugarcoat it. He figured ripping out the bandaid was the better thing to do though he regretted it the moment he saw Dream's face fell.

"Why-" Dream's voice barely left his throat.

"He wanted to see if you've returned," Sapnap continued, already knowing Dream's second part of the question.

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"Dream, come on!" George insisted. "I just want to buy a necklace for my mum, it has to be a surprise, so I have to get it myself!"

"I don't know why you'd wanna go," Dream insisted. "Nothing in the market is fit for a queen anyway."

"I'm 14, I can hardly purchase gold jewelry without my father knowing I took his money," George said.

"You're the prince, you're rich," Dream said.

"Father's money," George repeated.

"Okay, but do you really want to purchase something not pretty enough for your mum?" Dream asked. "Beads and string jewelry?"

"My mum likes handmade things, simple things. It doesn't even need to be jewelry, she'd be happy getting a little wooden sculpture, just please-" George begged. *"Please take me to the market."*

Dream pursed his lips and huffed.

"What you're asking me to do is a dangerous mission," Dream said dramatically. "I might die trying to protect you."

"Okay, Clay," George rolled his eyes.

"Georgie," Dream exclaimed. "You're asking me to sneak the prince out of the palace and into town incognito. What if you get kidnapped? Or worse, what if you get caught? What if I get caught, your father is going to chop my head off 110%."

"Oh, so you're scared. That's why you won't do this for me," George crossed his arms. "That's fine, I guess I'm just not that important."

"George-" Dream said warningly.

"We've snuck out dozens of times before, how is this any different?" George asked.

"Well usually you'd at least tell the steward or a knight," Dream said.

"But she might find out," George whined.

"And second, we got caught last time," Dream said.

"You mean, you got caught when you left the secret passage door open because you can't hide properly," George mumbled.

"Third, a prince went missing last week," Dream said.

"I'll be fine, I have you," George said. "You've always protected me, what's changing now?"

"Nothing," Dream said defensively. "Nothing is changing."

"Right, and at some point in the future—" George said confidently. "It will be your job to protect me. You're going to be my personal knight."

"Okay.." Dream said warily.

"Isn't this just practice?" George asked.

Dream looked up at his friend and huffed.

"You better pay me well if I'm going to be your personal guard," Dream sneered. "You're a handful."

"And you protect me anyway," George shrugged. "Isn't that why you made the rule? It's your own rule!"

"No going to the market without me," Dream recited. "Fine fine, you've sold me on the idea, you have persuaded me, we'll go tomorrow."

"Oh if your mother could also meet us at the market help me pick out a present that would be great," George grinned.

"I don't know if I want you to meet my mother," Dream grimaced. "Or have my mother meet you to be more precise."

"Hey!" George yelled.

"I'm joking," Dream laughed. "Partly."

"Well I need help picking out presents," George said. "Please and thank you."

"Whatever you ask for," Dream replied mockingly. "Your highness."

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However long that conversation was, three-four years ago, it flashed in his mind in seconds. The words ringing in his head, gradually getting louder and louder.

I'll be fine, I have you.

George didn't follow the rule.

He knew he did this for George, he slew the dragon for George, for an opportunity to be invited into the palace to be a knight for George.

But George also begged him not to go. George told him he didn't have to slay a dragon, George will get him into the palace sooner or later. And if he had listened to George, if he had waited, if he hadn't gone- Maybe George would still be here.

Dream tasted blood, not realizing that he was biting down the inside of his cheeks to physically stop himself from screaming. He was nodding, again, an empty action that stops him from exploding. Dream stood up and walked away into the deep forest.

"Dream-" Sapnap called.

"Don't," Punz said. "He'll be fine. He just needs a little bit."

"We should've left sooner," Quackity mumbled. "We should've left the day he went missing, we shouldn't've been afraid to defy King's orders or-"

"We should've gone *with* him," Eret said. "How could he have ditched all of us? How did he get into town-"

"We're not going to do that," Sam interjected. "We're not going to mull over what should've, what could've- We didn't. That's it, we didn't. We didn't leave, we didn't find him, we didn't protect him. We've failed, the best thing we could do is think about what's next so that doesn't happen again."

"Alright," Fundy cleared his throat. "Theories. Who took him and why?"

They all sat around the fire, glancing at each other, thinking. Callahan took a branch, drew a little castle in the ground before crossing it out.

"They wanna take down L'Manberg," Ponk translated. "Understandable, he's the only heir."

"Then why not just kill him?" Punz asked.

"Maybe they want something else?" Wilbur asked. "Hostages are worth more, so if it's trying to take down a kingdom- another kingdom, ransom could be knights. Gold? Diamonds?"

"We would've gotten a ransom note by now," Punz shook his head. "And there are 4 kingdoms in the Western Isles, why not ransom one of them? Why travel to- to take George?"

"Nefarious things that I don't dare even think about," Quackity sighed, leaning his head back until he was staring at the skies. "Be alive, be alive, be alive," he mumbled.

"So you think it's specifically George?" Fundy asked. Quackity didn't move his head much, still staring at the skies only giving them a shrug as an answer.

Callahan scribbled on the ground.

"*Chaos*," Ponk read out loud. "War for the sake of war?" He asked and Callahan nodded.

"Power play," Sam inhaled. "War is brewing in the west, so you bring an external factor to tip the balance."

"Strategic," Eret commented. "We fight whatever side, weakening them and weakening us. Whoever actually did it hits two birds with one stone."

"Takedown two kingdoms in one," Quackity said. "I don't like that," he said darkly, finally looking down and making eye contact with his friends. "We don't pick wars if we can solve it diplomatically. Guess what the tipping point would be."

Dread fell across all of their faces.

No. Not kidnapping. Apparently not.

Execution.

"No, no, we're not doing that either," Sam said yet again, shaking his head. "Especially not in front of Dream."

"So," Wilbur said. "Options are between 4 kingdoms, their own staff or freelance assassins."

"Seems wrong to call assassins, *freelance*," Fundy commented.

"There's a town near the shore towards the Isles," Punz said. "It's where I was from," he quickly explained. "Bad people. Really bad people who just might know something."

"We could go ask around see if George might be kept there, while the rest crosses on a boat," Quackity nodded. "You should be able to get on a boat before nightfall and get to the isles that same night."

"Dream's going to want to go to the Isle," Sam said. "I think Sapnap, you should go with him to Laerean. Me and Ponk can scope out Haeryn, Callahan and Eret go to Chaelan, Wilbur and Fundy should head to Treassa."

"Me and Punz will follow after we're done at the shore," Quackity nodded.

"Does that sound good to everyone?" Sam asked, and everyone nodded. "Sapnap?"

It was Sapnap's turn to be absolutely quiet. He hadn't spoken a word since Dream left, obviously concerned for both of his closest friends. Sapnap turned back into the conversation however and nodded to confirm.

"Good," Wilbur nodded. "We'll divide the supplies tonight, the gold and communicators so that we're ready to leave in the morning."

Everyone else had gone to sleep as soon as they could. They would need it from the day they had and the following days to come.

But Sapnap sat quietly at the entrance of the cave, looking out into the dark woods. He could hear the sounds coming from zombies, and sometimes he could see the red eyes of spiders. But he sat there waiting for Dream.

"Take turns with me Sapnap," Sapnap couldn't say he wasn't startled by Sam's voice piping up when it was probably around 3. "I had some sleep, let me watch for Dream."

Sapnap wanted to interject. He wasn't tired, he couldn't even sleep if he tried, his mind racing with worry constantly. But he decided that maybe he should regain some strength before the morning. So Sapnap nodded and headed inside, leaving Sam to guard the entrance.

Just as Sam predicted, Dream came walking back at the first sign of sunlight. If Sam noticed his eyes red from either tears or sleep deprivation, he didn't say a thing. Instead, Sam silently walked up to Dream and gave him a short hug, before giving him food worth yesterday's dinner and today's breakfast.

Fundy was the one who explained the plan that they had concocted last night as they were eating. Dream nodded, looking at Sapnap who nodded back at him. There weren't as many words in the morning as they got onto their horses, this time Wilbur leading them down the shortcut through the trees.

By some sheer miracle, they did get to the shoreline before sundown. Punz and Quackity immediately broke off from the group when headed towards the nearest town and kingdom while Ponk took the gold and went to get them a boat.

The boat ride was unbearably quiet and depressing. At least on land, they had to focus on something. They had tasks, they had to *not* fall off a horse- But now they're just waiting until the wind and the waves took them to the isles.

"They're going to execute him aren't they?" Dream asked his voice barely over a whisper.

No one was surprised that of course Dream would eventually come to the same conclusion. Callahan placed a hand at the back of Dream's neck and just patted it, trying his best to comfort a friend.

Sapnap kept his eyes staring at the water, focusing all his strength to not go into a breakdown that he's been avoiding since George went missing.

"He'll fight," Eret was the one who spoke up. "You know George, he's a fighter. He won't go down like that."

"And he's really quick too, I'm betting he probably escaped at some point, that's why we can still catch up even with a 3-day head start," Fundy reasoned.

"And if he can get his hands on an arrow, it'll go straight through their eyes," Wilbur said. "Bows and arrows are pretty common, have a little faith."

"He's alive Dream," Ponk said. "He's still alive, believe it."

The knights were already in armor when they reached land. Not wanting to waste time means they would have to travel to their respective destinations after sundown. It was risky but they don't really have a choice. And so they split up.

Dream and Sapnap rode all the way to Laerean. Even without any explanation, both of them knew why Sam said Dream would want to go to Laerean.

Considering all the facts, Laerean is one of the larger kingdoms of the Western Isles, and probably the more aggressive ones. It's been a battle for territory for years and it's not below them to try and bring an external point of chaos.

But still, they had no proof.

"We should probably stop by the village for the night," Sapnap said. "I know you wanna go, but the horse probably can't anymore."

Dream nodded weakly, horse trotting as he followed Sapnap into the village.

Sapnap had brought Dream into a tavern. They didn't have the energy to try and sleep outside or prepare their own food, so might as well use the gold Bad gave them.

"Four thousand," A man said.

They were waiting for food when they started to overhear the conversations people in the tavern were having.

"Liar," Another called out.

"I swear," The first one replied. "I didn't even have to do nothing, I just had to look away."

"That must be some precious cargo, huh?" The second one shook his head.

"See that's the thing," The first one said. "They weren't bringing anything. No weapons, no jewels. Some kid paid me four thousand gold to keep shut about four people arriving at the shore."

"What do they look like?" Dream suddenly spoke up.

The two men stopped and turned to look at him, a fifteen-year-old boy.

"Did your mother not teach you about eavesdropping, boy?" The first man growled.

"Sir, I assure you, you're going to want to answer him," Sapnap replied, almost lazily as he took a sip of his drink.

"Mind your own business kids," The second one said.

"I'm going to ask you one more time," Dream said, voice eerily calm like the dangerous tone Sapnap knows so well. "What did they look like?"

"I was paid to stay quiet," The first man said. "Do you think I'm going to tell a kid who thinks he's cool shit because he stole some palace armor? Go home and-"

Dream had crossed the room before Sapnap blinked. Maybe it was the shock or maybe it was Dream's feral strength, but the man didn't stand a chance.

Dream had a grip on the back of the man's neck, immediately pushing it down until his face slammed the table. He pulled the man's hand round his back, purposefully at the worst angle possible inflicting as much pain as he could. The man yelped out, causing his friend to move to help him.

"You don't wanna do that," Sapnap said warningly. The second man turned slowly and froze at the sight of Sapnap's crossbow pointed at him.

"They paid you to keep quiet. I'm going to make you pay if keep quiet. Your choice," Dream said. "I apologize, I'm usually much nicer but I'm running on the thinnest sliver of ice," he continued darkly. "So tell me, what do they look like?"

"I don't know man, I don't-" Dream pulled harder on the arm causing the man to yelp. "They're just people, like your age probably. He had pink hair-

Dream immediately released.

Fuck.

"You know which direction they went?" Dream asked.

"East from the shore but they're probably avoiding the big towns," The man replied as he struggled to regain his posture and dignity.

"How long ago?" It was Sapnap's turn to ask.

"An hour."

"Thank you for your cooperation," Dream said before immediately leaving the tavern, Sapnap behind him.

"Do you think-" Sapnap started as he got onto the horse.

"Technoblade." Dream nodded immediately taking off, leaving Sapnap to chase after him.

Chapter End Notes

Did I put a flashback in there for angst? Yes I did.

Did I also put Feral!Dream in a stereotypical bar-fight setting just because? Yes I did.

Will I ever write a story without Technoblade in it? Who knows.

I've been on an Awesamduke high lately from Sam Nook and his thing with Ponk, I hope I did him justice with the little bit that I wrote of him in this chapter. (Would love to know more about him and maybe write about him). We shall see.

Comments are very appreciated. I do read all of them even if I don't reply to most of them. I love, love, love reading your thoughts and suggestions. They're my favorite thing in the world.

Kudos are also pog I guess :3

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Technoblade joined the game

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream and Sapnap didn't travel that far in the thirty to forty minutes they spent from the shore to the village they were in. So wherever that group is, they shouldn't be far.

Dream knew he was taking a risk riding through the woods this late at night, and he hated more than anything that Sapnap is going to get dragged into this. But they hardly had any other choice.

Luck. Dream considered himself very lucky when he saw a source of like tucked into the depths of the woods. A small cavern with torches up front meant someone was occupying the place for the night.

Dream didn't even try to be stealthy. The horse was galloping towards the cavern, full speed. He jumped off, swords blazing, and clocked the pink-haired boy in front of him.

Of course, Technoblade was not going down without a fight. His reflexes got him a sword, and both of them were now at point with each other.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Technoblade spat.

"Where is he?" Dream asked.

"Where is who?" Technoblade asked back.

"Don't play with me Technoblade, I will behead you where you stand," Dream threatened. "Tell me where he is right now."

"I don't know who you're talking about!" Technoblade yelled.

"Bullshit! You took him," Dream said. "I swear to god if you hurt him-"

"Dream," Sapnap called.

"-you are going to regret the day you were born," Dream continued. "I promise you that, I promise-"

"Dream," Sapnap called yet again.

"-you are going to pay-"

"Dream!"

Dream felt a hand on his shoulder jerking him off Technoblade. But this time the voice wasn't Sapnap's.

"Schlatt?" Dream staggered back.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Schlatt scolded.

Dream turned to Sapnap all wide-eyed and bewildered. Sapnap shook his head and glanced at the other two people in the cave. Calvin and Nestorio.

Four people.

"He's not here," Dream mumbled softly. "He's not-"

"I still don't know who you're talking about," Technoblade said.

"They took our prince. They took George," Sapnap said. "He's somewhere in the Western Isles, they have a bounty on George."

"Shame," Technoblade said monotonously.

"Little less sarcasm maybe Techno?" Calvin piped up. "Man's having a breakdown." He nudged his head towards Dream.

"Why would you pay some guy four thousand gold if you didn't kidnap George?" Dream questioned.

"Because I don't want him to tell anyone I am within any distance from Laerean when I blow up the castle tomorrow," Technoblade answered honestly.

"You want to what?" Sapnap asked.

Technoblade blinked at them and simply shrugged.

"Technoblade you can't," Dream said.

"You don't tell me what to do," Technoblade said as he left to walk deeper into the cavern, Dream following his footsteps.

"You can't-" Dream pleaded.

"And why not?" Technoblade asked once they were a distance away from the other people in the group though their voice definitely echoed.

"Please," was all Dream said.

Technoblade didn't know the blond boy standing in front of him very well. He's certainly heard about him, especially in the last few days when word started spreading about the crackhead 15-year-old trying to kill a dragon. Of course, he also heard most of it from Schlatt.

But there he stood. The dragon slayer. He looked almost helpless.

"Why not?" Technoblade asked again.

"Aside from the fact you will be slaughtered by the castle-" Dream said. "My prince might be in there and I can't take that risk."

"Do you know what is going to happen?" Technoblade asked. "Laerean is starting a war, thousands are going to die-

"Including you," Dream said. "The four of you won't even make it past the gates. And I don't want you dragging Schlatt into that mess with you either."

"We have a good plan," Technoblade assured him.

"If you don't survive, Laerean still prevails and they'll have no one to fight them," Dream said.

"But if we succeed, the war gets nipped at the bud," Technoblade said.

"If my prince gets hurt, there will be another," Dream vowed.

Technoblade stiffened, glaring at the person that stood in front of him. It looked like he was almost growling.

"I don't like threats," Technoblade told him. "Especially not from a monarchy."

"It's not. I don't work for the palace," Dream said. "But if the only heir of L'Manberg gets caught in the crossfire?"

Technoblade's eyes flickered knowingly.

"I know you want this fight to be had, but today is not the time," Dream said. "Not with my prince on the line, not with your army of four, not like this."

"People are going to die," Technoblade said.

"I know," Dream said. "But if you die tomorrow, and thousands become hundred thousands."

"Get out," Technoblade said. "I need to talk to my team."

Dream hesitated, but then nodded before leaving the cavern with Sapnap. Dream sat under the tree, back against the trunk, knees brought up to his chest, elbows resting on his knees and he bowed his head down.

Dream was tired. So, so tired. Physically, mentally, emotionally.

"Any word?" Dream weakly asked.

Sapnap has been watching the communicators for anything at all, but he shook his head in disappointment.

It felt like they were waiting for a good while before Technoblade emerged from the cave.

"If I have a shot at the king, I will take it," Technoblade said. "But we may as well get your prince out of there if he is in there."

"Thank you," Dream nodded.

"Now get inside the cave, I don't want you attracting mobs," Technoblade motioned back into the cave.

When Dream settled himself inside the cave, Schlatt immediately approached him and sat next to him.

"When my mom said you left town a couple of days ago, I didn't think it would be for an assassination," Dream mumbled and Schlatt laughed.

"Well, you were going to work at the palace," Schlatt shrugged. "I thought I might do something for myself for a change."

"How do you even know Technoblade?" Dream asked.

"I forget that you've never met him before," Schlatt said. "He scouts. He would've asked you too if you weren't whipped by the palace." Dream didn't react. He really couldn't. "I didn't mean it like that."

"Any reason you think that your prince is in Laerean and not the other 3?" Nestorio asked.

"No," Sapnap answered. "We don't know where he is, or who put the bounty. We have people in the other 3 kingdoms, but we haven't heard anything."

Technoblade simply nodded.

When the morning came, Sapnap woke to the best/worst news he could probably get. He didn't know how to feel to be exact.

Callahan had sent '*They left Chaelan*' and nothing more.

"Dream," Sapnap called, feeling awful that he had to wake Dream from what was undoubtedly his first sleep in weeks now after passing out last night. "Callahan said they left Chaelan."

"Well are they coming here?" Dream asked groggily, propping himself up from the floor.

"No, no, Dream," Sapnap clarified. "He typed *They left Chaelan*. Not *we, they*."

It took Dream a few seconds to get his gears turning before his eyes widened. If he wasn't awake before, he is completely awake now.

"Oh," Dream said.

"Dream, he's alive," Sapnap allowed himself a peal of soft laughter. "He's alive."

"Where are they going?" Dream asked.

Sapnap sent a short '*Where they headed*' to which minutes after, he got a reply back saying '*All is going to you*'.

God, Dream really hated the communicator 15 letters rule.

"All," Sapnap repeated. "I think everyone's coming to Laerean."

"Why would they be in Chaelan in the first place?" Dream shook his head. "And why transport him to Laerean?"

"Either Chaelan kidnapped your prince and is trying to frame Laerean, or Laerean kidnapped your prince using Chaelan's people," Calvin reasoned out.

"Or a curveball, maybe Laerean and Chaelan are working together. They used to be allies." Schlatt shrugged. "Either way your prince is coming here,"

"And if he's going to be executed, it'll be at the palace," Technoblade said. "So our plans line up, that's good."

Dream and Sapnap just stared at Technoblade.

"What, you don't think I'd come to the same conclusion?"

"Maybe don't mention execution like that Techno," Nestorio said. "Don't put them through that thought."

"Either way, we're breaking into the palace today and I'm excited," Technoblade said insensitively.

"Technoblade," Dream pleaded. "Help me, please."

Technoblade could've said no. He really could. But something about the desperation in Dream's voice, and the fact that he didn't hesitate to practically beg not in private, but in front of everyone-

Technoblade didn't say yes, but he also didn't say no.

"Your people should be here within the next 2 hours, so we need to leave for the palace in the next half an hour so we have time to scope out before they come storming in," Technoblade said before

going back to get the rest of his supplies.

Dream felt his heart beat a little faster when the horses approached the castle. Dream had never been to Laerean before, he wasn't a knight.

"I'll go," Sapnap said. "I know a back door."

"You look too much like a knight, if they don't recognize you, then they'll spot you," Schlatt shook his head. "I've been scoping this place for months, I'll go."

Technoblade handed Schlatt a few slabs of C4, nodding as if they already know the plan that needs to be executed. Dream sat back, going through an existential crisis because somehow he didn't know that his friend had been working for Anarchy for months now. Months.

They were hiding in the woods, close enough to see the palace and see Schlatt jump over the walls and sneak past guards, but far away enough that no guards should hear them talk.

This was very lucky for them because the run-in with the other L'Manberg knights got off on the wrong foot.

"Technoblade?" Wilbur asked suddenly. How this tall man managed to sneak up of the group scoping out the castle whilst making no sound is a complete mystery.

Technoblade drew his sword out of instinct causing Quackity, Fundy, and Punz to follow suit and draw their sword and then resulted in Calvin and Nestorio also taking out their weapons.

"Woah, woah, woah-" Sapnap panicked, stepping into the paths of all the blades. "Coming in peace, we're here in peace."

"You're working with Technoblade?" Quackity asked. "Isn't he the one that kidnapped the prince?"

"What is it with people thinking I kidnapped your prince, I don't care for a prince," Techno exclaimed.

"Four men left the island, bought a boat, all super hush-hush with big money," Punz explained.

"Maybe paying big money wasn't the way out Tech," Calvin said.

"One, two, three—" Fundy counted the rebels.

"Schlatt's in the palace," Sapnap said.

"Schlatt?" Wilbur exclaimed. "Why is Schlatt here?"

"Came with Technoblade," Dream said. "How long do you think Callahan and Eret would be?"

"They're following the cart," Fundy said. "They're outnumbered though, by a lot, so they're worried about attacking."

"Good choice," Dream nodded. "Lastly, Sam and Pon—"

"Here," Ponk came for attendance as he and Sam approached the group.

They both looked around at the still very defensive stance from both their friends and the three rebels.

"We've missed something," Sam said halfway between a statement and a question.

"If I get the shot, I'm going to kill the king," Technoblade stated. "Once you get your prince, I'm going to try and blow up the castle."

"Techno, we're severely outnumbered," Wilbur said. "That's not gonna go well for you."

"Well we had been planning to blow up the entire palace but *apparently*—" Technoblade glanced at Dream. "-not at the cost of your prince's safety. So deal with it. We know how to escape if things get bad, you should too."

"I don't like this, but I guess—" Wilbur frowned. "Alright."

"Good," Techno nodded.

"Well, what brings you guys into this part of town?" Schlatt said jokingly as he approached the group. "A tour? A little sightseeing?"

"Schlatt—" Quackity said warily.

"I set to the fuse in the East Gate," Schlatt said. "Once your pretty boy shows up, we blow the fucker and charge in."

"Well, aren't you lucky we're here to beef up your manpower?" Wilbur said sarcastically. "Thought you could take down the kingdom with explosives and four people?"

"Well in my *personal* experience," Schlatt said. "I've found that *knight*s aren't really all that smart. I think I could take them—"

"Schlatt—" It was Technoblade's turn to warn him. "Not now, not with them."

Wilbur was scowling but listened when Fundy and Sam both gestured for him to stand down. Schlatt rolled his eyes before going off to his horse to get supplies.

"Dream," Sapnap called as he passed on the communicator.

Coming down in 10.

"They should be here in 10," Dream told the group, though specifically, he wanted to let Techno know.

"I believe that," Technoblade muttered. "Guess your prince was 10 minutes ahead of them."

Dream's head snapped so quickly it was a surprise he didn't get an immediate whiplash. He watched as a cart, or what looked like a fully enclosed palace carriage, roll up to the gates. The coachman spoke to the guards before the gate dropped. Dream practically lunged forward before Techno immediately yanked him back by the back of his collar.

"You do not risk our lives and your just because you can't practice a little patience," Technoblade said. "We wait until your men are here."

"Fighting in transport is the best-

"-way to get your prince, I know. But unpreparedness is a better way to die," Technoblade insisted.
"We *wait*."

"Let's get gear, move the horses-" Sapnap said. "We leave the moment Callahan and Eret get here."

"I have a slight concern," Fundy said. The group turned and stared blankly at him. "Where are the rest of our people?"

"What do you mean?" Punz asked.

"Two other fleets came before us," Fundy said. "Where are-"

"Oh, no," Sam muttered as he looked up.

As useless as they mean to joke about the older knights that King Henry had sent, in no way are they actually bad at their job. They may be a little slower, perhaps a little less resourceful, but the chances of them finding Prince George was certainly not zero. And they will definitely soon.

More people means more problems.

"No, no, no-" Technoblade muttered.

"We have to go," Sapnap said. "We have to go now."

It was almost like a race against their own troops. Callahan and Eret were going to be here soon and they could wait, but they couldn't risk bringing more troops into this crazy plan of Technoblade's. Especially not bringing even more of L'Manberg into the brink of war.

Dream sent Callahan a short '*Meet inside ASAP.*' before the group got ready for the fight.

Calvin and Nestor were the ones sent back to the gates to detonate, and they brought with them Quackity and Ponk. Hopefully, it will create enough chaos to allow Sam and Punz to charge through the main door along with Wilbur and Fundy while Technoblade took Sapnap and Dream outback, Schlatt coming with them.

And so they did.

It was mind-numbing for Dream. He couldn't really process what was going on. It was an explosion followed by screaming, and then guards were running at him and his hands moved like it was on autopilot. He was slashing, and moving, and fighting. He heard Technoblade yell something and Sapnap replying, Schlatt saying something sarcastically as they mowed down the line of guards.

And then Dream was at the doors of the palace.

"You two, go!" Schlatt said as he practically shut the giant double doors of the palace, placing Dream and Technoblade inside while keeping the guards out.

Of course, there were guards inside, but the continuous explosions, courtesy of the rebel group were distracting enough.

There were 4 guards running down the hallway. Before Technoblade even comprehended that someone was going to attack them, Dream charged and took them down.

"Where is he?" Dream asked. His voice was steady for the amount of body-shaking rage he was exuding. His foot was on the only remaining conscious guard's throat. "Answer me."

"I don't-" He choked. "Who-"

"*My prince-*" Dream hissed. "Where is he?"

"West wing-"

Dream stroke the guard down with the hilt of his sword before turning to Technoblade who simply nodded in agreement.

"Throne room's also in the west wing," Technoblade stated.

"Lead the way," Dream nodded.

They both ran as more guards showed up to where they were. They heard them coming, the enemy guards. Dream couldn't care less, not even close.

They were charging down at him when they ran up the third floor and he didn't even notice that his non-lethal attacks were now producing blood. There were no strategic hits or precise movements, it was just pure unbridled rage. Techno seemed impressed, but his strikes were intentionally deadly.

"Where is he?" Dream was always smart enough to leave one awake so he could ask for information. "Where's my prince?"

The guard could barely lift his hand up but Dream knew the general direction pretty well. The guard dropped to the floor the moment Dream released him.

"That's the throne room," Techno said. "I guess we have the same destination after all."

Dream and Techno both sprinted and barged into the throne room. Techno had his crossbow out, a firework attached to it and he aimed it straight at the king.

It was a group of them. Criminals, if Dream had to guess, maybe 10 to 12 people surrounding the room. Still, with the threatening amount of people in the throne room, Techno chose to aim it at the king.

It was seconds. Seconds from the moment Dream barged into the room, to the moment he caught George's eyes -George who looked a little battered and bruised, but alive nonetheless- to the moment he realized George had set off an arrow and shot one of his dozen kidnappers at the back of the neck.

"Took you long enough," George smirked.

Chapter End Notes

Twitter: @noimnotJJ

I was told I had a bad habit of leaving things hanging but considering how most of my works are one-shots, I think I'm allowed this one time.

Does this technically count as a slow burn? I don't think so.

Ending's gonna be worth it, I promise.

Comments and kudos much appreciated. Thanks!

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

DNF

That's it

That's the note.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The fight that broke off was almost unreal.

Dream charged into the room, blades flashing as he ducked through swinging swords to get to his prince. It was absolute chaos.

George had gotten himself a sword from none other than the Laerean King himself, as he fought off the two men charging at him. And the king-

The king was also fighting the criminals.

Technoblade had no other choice but to take himself away from his murderous path of the king as some of the bandits were coming after him.

What actually is happening is unclear to most, if not all the people in the room. No one knew who was fighting against who.

"You're such an idiot," Dream immediately said the moment he was within talking distance with his prince.

"Focus," George had backed himself against a pillar and used it to support his back as he kicked someone in the chest. "You can nag at me later, thanks."

Dream couldn't help but smile. For the first time, he felt like he could breathe and the weight was lifted off his chest.

"You're grounded," Dream mumbled as he dodged a stray arrow. "You're grounded," he repeated,

rolling on the floor to trip the person going after George. "You're so grounded!"

"Oh my god shut up," George rolled his eyes.

George had crossed the floor, now back to back with Dream. Dream wanted to be mad, but being close to George always made him smile anyway.

"I'm never letting you leave the palace ever again," Dream vowed.

"I'm fine! See?" George said. "I have you."

"Never," Dream replied. "Ever."

George scoffed, turning before shooting off an arrow that traveled across the room and hit the bandit that Technoblde was fighting right through his sword-wielding hand. Techno turned and squinted, clearly surprised at what the L'Manberg prince had just done with utmost precision.

"Two-" Techno was counting as his sword sliced down on another. "Three."

"I'm at five," Dream called out to Technoblade jokingly.

"You mean *we're* at f-" George's words halted midway.

Dream turned and watched as George reached down to his torso.

"Hey, hey, what's wrong?" Dream dropped everything he was doing, and more importantly everyone he was fighting to tend to George.

George slowly removed his hand when Dream saw the blood on his palm.

"I'll be fine," George tried to say. "I'll be-"

George's eye rolled to the back of his head as he suddenly collapsed. Dream ran and slid down to the floor, placed a hand on George's wound, the other on George's head.

"Georgie?" Dream called.

Prince or not, a little stab wound shouldn't immediately make you collapse. He knew George had sustained worse injuries than this in his life so this is anything if not concerning. Dream started to softly shake him. He was breathing. Oh, thank god he was still breathing.

"He's been poisoned," The king replied.

Dream barely had time to realize that the Laerean king had just struck down the man that stood behind and stabbed George.

The king looked around the room to see Techno take down the last of the kidnappers, before turning back to Dream.

"As long as you keep the bleeding under control, he should be fine," The king said. "It just knocks you out."

"Georgie," Dream called again. He saw a glimpse of hope when he saw George's eye flicked open only to give Dream a small smile before closing yet again. Dream took George's hand and held it, softly resting George's head on his lap.

"Could you call your man down?" The king asked. The king was facing Technoblade, arms raised in the air as Techno went back to aiming the launcher at him.

"Oh I'm here to kill you regardless," Technoblade answered. "We're not really together. Let me introduce myself," He grinned. "*Technoblade*."

Dream saw the King stiffened.

"You can't kill me," The king said. "I know your reputation Blade, you can't kill me."

"And why not?" Technoblade asked.

"First of all, I am *not* the only one," The king said. "I am willing to blow this room up, killing you, killing your friend, the prince, and someone else will take my place."

"You took my prince," Dream spoke up. "If he doesn't kill you, I will."

"I didn't take your prince," The king insisted. "Why do you think I helped you kill his kidnappers? I had nothing to do with—" the king turned back to Technoblade. "I anticipated you, I know of you Blade, I have done nothing wrong, you can't kill me."

Dream glanced at the room he was in, more specifically the bodies lying dead in the throne room. It is true that the king had helped them take down the dozen kidnappers in the room. But why were they there in the first place?

Every single nerve cell in Dream's body was screaming *liar liar liar*.

Technoblade hesitated. The king was right, in technicality. Techno never meant to be called out on it. He's always had a proper moral compass or so he prides himself on it. He knows a war is brewing but this assassination is a preventive measure. They've technically done nothing wrong and should not be executed for it. If he goes around playing Judge for things haven't yet committed, how different is he from a tyrant?

"I should be executing you," The king said. "Either *or* both of you. All of you," He turned back to Dream. "You come into my palace, attempt a siege, kill my knights—"

"If you so claim to have been framed, that these people came to collect a bounty you didn't set, then your problem is with someone else," Dream snapped. "My prince was kidnapped and he was here, I don't care for anything else but his safety."

"I am not trying to fight L'Manberg," The king said.

The king was charismatic. His words always made sense, he always knows what to say. Convincing, smart, and strategic. Always floating in a realm of technicalities and ambiguity. Manipulative. *Liar liar liar*.

"They're trying to take me down, make me fight you so they can take my place. They're attacking me, not me them."

Techno and Dream shared quick eye contact. Dream is still softly caressing George's head, silently chanting and praying that he stays alive until Wilbur can help decipher what poison could possibly be in his system.

Dream looked up after a bit, hands still gripping George's tightly. Even distracted, Dream's eye was still sharper than most. And he caught it. The King, through the whole conversation, pacing and moving, was slowly going to his throne. A small button sat on the armrest.

"TNT!" Dream yelled.

The floor had started to rumble as the king disappeared. Techno lets the shot of firework go off, blasting a hole in the wall, revealing the passageway in which the king had gone through. But there were seconds away from an explosion and he couldn't really pass through.

Bless Phil with all his foresight and predictions, Dream threw Techno an elytra before placing one on himself. Without a second wasted, Dream took George, thankful that even though George was not fully conscious, he was somewhat aware and reflexively held Dream tightly.

Out the window they go as the first of a series of explosives went off in the throne room.

Techno landed softly on the grass while Dream stumbled forward ever so slightly as he tried to balance George who was wrapped around his arm.

Dream should be struggling. George was smaller than him, but not small enough to make carrying a grown man an easy task. But he didn't struggle, truth be told he couldn't feel anything.

The two of them made their way to the front gates where people were still fighting. Dream saw that Callahan and Eret have shown up, and just as predicted, the rest of the two fleets showed up at some point.

Sapnap saw them, quickly blocking a strike before rushing towards Dream and George. Sapnap helped Dream move George and place him inside one of their palace carriages before turning back into the fight.

"Go!" Dream yelled.

He wasn't specific, but he was looking at Technoblade. Techno was fighting a fleet of Laerean

soldiers, they all were, but as they've recently discovered, the kingdom had no problems with L'Manberg.

He watched Techno nod, still wearing L'Manberg's elytra before giving his allies a signal and running towards the forest.

Dream looked around, part of his mind still worried about George, the other part about the fight that is going on, and the other for Schlatt. Where is-

"Don't hurt Schlatt, he's one of ours."

Dream was surprised he could even hear it against all the roaring. Chills went up to his neck as he still frantically searched for his friend.

"Where's Schlatt?" Dream asked Quackity, who was the closest one fighting next to him.

"He went in the castle," Dream took off before Quackity fully finished his sentence.

Dream made his way to the giant double oak doors and pulled them open. To his surprise, the king stood right in front of him. From the corner of his eye, he saw the back of his friend Schlatt as he took a right and disappeared into a corner.

Liar liar liar.

"Your fight isn't with L'Manberg correct?" Dream demanded. "I killed your knights, you attempted to blow up my prince. We could stay until our armies finish each other off, or we're even."

"You brought an assassin-"

"We're not together, even he said," Dream said. "You say you didn't set the bounty? Then your problem is with whatever Chaelean troop that kidnapped my prince. Prove that you're not trying to fight L'Manberg because I *will* bring the cavalry," he threatened.

The king contemplated it, across the sounds of the clanging swords and bowstrings, before he nodded.

"Stand down!" They both bellowed.

There was a stark contrast between the Laerean King telling his guards to stand down and a fifteen-year-old, not-even-a-soldier boy from L'Manberg telling palace knights, knights that were much older and more experienced than he, to stand down. Yet somehow Dream carried more power in his words.

So they stopped. Wounded and battered, but the fighting ceased.

"I hope I remain in King Henry's good graces for saving his son," The king said.

Liar, liar, liar.

"I'll be sure to pass on the message," Dream said expressionlessly.

Dream turned and walked through the courtyard where knights from both palaces were at a standstill.

"Home," This was the only thing Dream said when he reached the door. He didn't look at anyone, he didn't actually say this to anyone, he just declared it.

Slowly, the L'Manberg knights started to disperse, tending to their injured, going back to their horses and supplies.

Dream made his way to the carriage, happy to find Wilbur inside having left the fight earlier to tend to George. He watched as Wilbur tightened the last of the bandages that he wrapped around George's torso.

George is still breathing. George is alive and Dream's here now.

A hand fell on Dream's shoulder and it shocked Dream so much he nearly smacked them down. He certainly flinched as he turned.

"Don't worry about taking your horse back, go sit in the carriage with the Prince," HBomb, who

had left with the first fleet, said to him.

"Thank you," Dream nodded.

Wilbur handed him another bottle of potion to give, in case George's breathing slowed down too alarmingly, before leaving Dream and George alone in the carriage. It was not a mood for talking and Dream was thankful Wilbur understood.

Dream sat in the carriage, softly positioning George so that he was resting against Dream, head softly tilted on Dream's shoulder. Dream held on to him. One hand still taking George's hand to hold on his lap, his other hand wrapping around George's head, supporting his head so he would be comfortable, even if George wasn't even conscious for the trip.

He'd never been so close to George, they have never been the touchy type of friend. Not in their history anyway, not so obvious or blatant. But George is alive and George is here, and Dream never wanted to let go.

Two other knights had done what HBomb did, trading to allow Sapnap and Quackity to be the two people controlling the carriage so they could be as close to the prince as possible. And so they made the trip home.

--

Dream stood there. He wasn't nervous, or anxious, he wasn't feeling anything. He was so tired part of him still couldn't process what happened with Technoblade and Schlatt.

So he stood there, feet apart, hands behind his back, right in front of King Henry.

His eyes looked at the king, though his mind was at another realm. And he waited, not saying anything.

The king was equally as stubborn, looking back at him without a single word. His face, however, conveyed levels of unmatched frustration.

Philza and Bad came into the throne room at the same time, interrupting this silent stand-off.

"Prince George will be fine," Philza said. "He should be waking up once the poison clears out of his symptoms. There may be side effects that we don't know of, but nothing too damaging I should think."

"Good," The king stood.

King Henry took one last look at Dream before leaving the throne room without another word.

Dream exhaled a breath before turning to see Bad and Phil.

"Phil, I'm sorry I broke an Elytra—" Dream said, lying about the story as he didn't want anyone to know that he'd given one to infamous anarchist Technoblade much less let him keep it. "There were explosions and I know they're expensive and rare and I'll find new ones I promise, and the pearls too—"

"Mate—" Phil said with a sympathetic smile.

"And Bad, we still need to figure out who set the bounty because I don't trust the Laerean king at all. It might be Chaelan but—" Dream continued on. "Things were weird and he knew George was poisoned immediately and how it worked, but I didn't find the knife that stabbed him so—"

"Dream—" Bad called calmly.

Phil pulled Dream into a hug, hand on the back of Dream's head and softly holding it against his shoulder. Dream stopped his rambling and froze before slowly melted into the hug, exhaling another breath but this time feeling a thousand times lighter.

"You did good," Phil said reassuringly. "You did exactly what you said you would, you brought him home. Everything else can wait. Just enjoy this for a moment."

"They wouldn't stop talking about you," Bad said proudly as Dream finally pulled away from the hug. "Not just your troop, but the other two fleets too. Dream did an amazing job and stopped the fight at the brink of war. Did things they would never think of, saved the prince all on his own—"

"And slew a dragon," Phil added and Dream managed a small chuckles

"And he slew a dragon," Bad nodded.

"That's not true, they all did a lot," Dream said. "I would've just been a hot crying mess if it weren't for Sam, and I would've gotten lost if it wasn't for Wilbur and Fundy. Punz and Quackity planned, Ponk dealt with the money, Eret and Callahan actually *found* George. Sapnap is—" Dream smiled. "Sapnap is everything." He nodded slowly. "And George, he fought, as he should. Stayed alive, killed some people too."

And he saved Technoblade. Unclear who currently owes who.

"Dream—" Bad said, his hand holding the side of Dream's face. "You stood up to the king, you rallied your men, you fought, and you brought him home. Credit where credit is due, we know."

When Bad swiped his thumb across Dream's cheek what's when he realized he was crying. He couldn't even process the bone-chilling fear that he's experienced in the past few days across the numbness.

"We took the liberty to reach out to your mother and tell her where you went," Phil said. "So she doesn't think you just disappeared, though you should go home tomorrow, talk to her, and get your things so you can move in properly."

"M-move in?" Dream mumbled softly.

"He's never going to acknowledge you, or have a knighting ceremony," Bad stated, handing Dream a stack of paper. "But you are staying, that much is undeniable."

"Obviously you don't have to do the paperwork today," Phil said. "Get some rest, sleep in your new room, freshly cleaned out just for you. We traded some people around so your room could be next to Sapnap's room."

"Can I—" Dream hesitated.

"You can get cleaned up and I'll take you to George's room," Bad said. "Everyone's outside waiting for you."

Dream silently nodded before leaving the throne room with the bundle of paper in his hand. He

was immediately greeted with an eruption of cheers and applause.

"Let's hear it for Dream!" Wilbur yelled. "Head knight." Wilbur jokingly bowed down. Dream rolled his eyes with a small smile on his face. "Future head knight."

"Stop it," Dream waved them down. "You all did wonderfully, you all helped me control my shit when I was losing it. Thank you."

"Anything to get you in our ranks," Sam nodded.

"You're also taking my night shifts next week," Fundy said.

"Stable duty too," Quackity added.

"Alright alright," Sapnap said lightly smacked his friends. "Let the man go, he doesn't wanna be here with us. You get to trade shifts later, he'll be here for a while."

Dream smiled appreciatively as Sapnap shooed everyone away. He walked up to Dream and pulled his best friend- his brother into a hug.

"Let's get you squeaky clean before going to see George," Sapnap said, leading Dream down towards their rooms, his arms never leaving Dream's shoulder.

As much as he loved the feeling of warm water against his skin, the first time he's been nice-smelling and clean in weeks, Dream didn't spend more time in the shower than he needed to. He threw on some of the brand new clothes Bad has placed on his dresser before allowing Sapnap to take him up to George's room. He didn't go in, only opening the door and letting Dream in before closing it behind him.

George was in bed, a chair placed next to his bedside which Dream suspected was Bad or Phil's doing. So Dream sat and unfurled the roll of paper, planning to finish whatever paperwork Bad had given him to seal the deal on his official employment at the palace.

"Dream?" George croaked as he started to stir in his bed.

At the sound of George's voice, he placed his papers down and leaned over.

"Go back to sleep Georgie, go back to sleep," Dream said, hands softly patting George's head.
"You're alright, you're okay."

"You're alive," George sighed.

"So are you," Dream reaffirmed.

"You're home," George said sleepily, a small smile curled upon his face.

Dream was a little confused, to be honest. *What does that mean?*

"Yes, I am," He answered anyway. "And I am here till forever."

"You killed the dragon?" George asked softly.

"You would've been proud of me Georgie," Dream said. "I was so good with the arrows. I think I might've been better than you."

Dream's joke made George chuckle softly although he winced a little as he shifted.

"Can I-" George drawled. "Can I see the dragon?"

"Your father has the head," Dream said. "Maybe you can see the skull later." George simply giggled in response.

"So you're a knight now?" George clarified.

"Better," Dream whispered. "I'm *your* knight now."

"What happened?" George moaned softly.

"You don't remember?" Dream knelt next to the bedside, bringing his face to George's level.

Poison side effects. Of course.

"I went to see your mother," George slowly recanted. "She made very delicious mutton stew for lunch, and your sister let me play with the cat," Dream smiled at the thought. "And I think I passed by the market and-"

George's eyes haven't really been open throughout this conversation. He kept them closed like the light was hurting him. He furrowed his eyebrows trying hard to remember but he truly couldn't.

"I think," He mumbled. "There was a man, and then three men, and then four—" George shook his head. He started to stir in bed, face scrunching as he flinched away.

"Hey, hey," Dream called. Dream moved from his kneeling position to sit on the side of the bed, both his hands holding George's face in an attempt to calm him down, which quickly worked. George settled against the pillow, face slowly softening under Dream's fingertips. "*You're fine.* You're safe. *You have me.*" Dream sighed.

"I can't remember," George said pitifully.

"That's okay Georgie, I'll tell you later," Dream said, his hand still softly caressing George's head. "Go back to sleep."

"Are you going to disappear when I wake up?" George asked.

Dream inhaled a sharp breath. George was still loopy, so much so that I guess, he thought Dream was a dream.

"I'm here George," Dream assured him, moving his other hand to hold George's hand. "I'm real and I'll be here when you wake up. I'm not going to go anywhere. You never have to worry ever again."

"I love you, Clay," George muttered.

Dream felt like he could melt at the sight of George's smile. He felt his heart skip a beat, but at the same time, a tinge of pain sits on his chest. George was delirious, he doesn't know what he's saying. He's not even going to remember this in the morning.

It's alright though. George is safe, he's alive.

Dream waited until George's breathing slowed down until he heard soft snoring from George that he knew the prince was now asleep.

"You have no idea," Dream mumbled with a sad smile.

Chapter End Notes

Twitter: @noimnotJJ

So I have midterms next week, but I should be able to pump out one SBI fic after my midterms (it's like halfway done) so like next weekend, but we'll see how it goes.

Kudos and comments appreciated.

Let me know if this format is better. I'm struggling to try and figure out how to write the War with the West story (which is essentially a continuation of this story and Try, technically the end of the trilogy). Like I feel like it's going to be really long and not like a one-shot anymore, or it's going to be an 18K work that has the little -- separation in between. So I don't know, let me know your opinions.

End Notes

Everything is fully written out, just needs some minor editing. I should be posting each chapter every 2-3 days.

As always comments and kudos are much appreciated.

I'm working on an SBI fic for after these 4 chapters are done.

Comment what you want to see next, or hey, because this is multi-chaptered, comment what you think is going to happen next chapters!

Thanks.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!